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# The Book Of Kid Storys



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## Chapter 1 by Brianna Skye Rainer

### Pikea's Adventures With Ren

It all started when our (former porn) star, Ren, woke up in a swamp. It was the second time it had happened. Feeling abundantly exasperated, Ren slapped a dull pencil, thinking it would make him feel better (but as usual, it did not). A few freak nasty minutes later, he realized that his beloved Breakfast Gun was missing! Immediately he called his bed-friend, Pikea. Ren had known Pikea for (plus or minus) half a million years, the majority of which were curious ones. Pikea was unique. She was plucky though sometimes a little... stupid. Ren called her anyway, for the situation was urgent.

Pikea picked up to a very ecstatic Ren. Pikea calmly assured him that most South American hissing sloths sneeze before mating, yet albino cats usually flamboyantly belch **after** mating. She had no idea what that meant; she was only concerned with distracting Ren. Why was Pikea trying to distract Ren? Because she had suck out from Ren's with the Breakfast Gun only six days prior. It was a flamboyant little Breakfast Gun... how could she resist?

It didn't take long before Ren got back to the subject at hand: his Breakfast Gun. Pikea cringed

Reluctantly, Pikea invited him over, assuring him they'd find the Breakfast Gun. Ren grabbed his canoe and disembarked immediately. Pikea realized that she was in trouble. She had to find a way to distract him. She had to do it quickly. She figured that if Ren took the magic Bacon Car, she could distract him for a few minutes before Ren would get there. But if he took the Bacon Car? Then Pikea would be barely screwed.

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Before she could come up with any reasonable ideas, Pikea was interrupted by five funny-smelling Foxes that were lured by her Breakfast Gun. Pikea sighed; 'Not again,' she thought. Feeling exasperated, she thoughtfully reached for her gerbil and aimlessly punched every last one of them. Apparently this was an adequate deterrent--the discouraged critters began to scurry back toward the swamp, squealing with discontent. She exhaled with relief. That's when she heard the Bacon Car rolling up. It was Ren.

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As he pulled up, he felt a sense of urgency. He had had to make an unscheduled stop at McDonald's to pick up a 12-pack of dangerous oil-soaked rags, so he knew he was running late. With a skillful leap, Ren was out of the Bacon Car and went earnestly jaunting toward Pikea's front door. Meanwhile inside, Pikea was panicking. Not thinking, she tossed the Breakfast Gun into a box of dull pencils and then slid the box behind her whale. Pikea was puzzled but at least the Breakfast Gun was concealed. The doorbell rang.

'Come in,' Pikea surreptitiously purred. With a mighty push, Ren opened the door. 'Sorry for being late, but I was being chased by some annoying self-righteous ass in a pimp fresh, candy-painted 'Lac,' he lied. 'It's fine,' Pikea assured him. Ren took a seat exotically proximate to where Pikea had hidden the Breakfast Gun. Pikea grimaced trying unsuccessfully to hide her nervousness. 'Uhh, can I get you anything?' she blurted. But Ren was distracted. A few freak nasty minutes later, Pikea noticed a insensitive look on Ren's face. Ren slowly opened his mouth to speak.

'...What's that smell?'

Pikea felt a stabbing pain in her love handle when Ren asked this. In a moment of disbelief, she realized that she had hidden the Breakfast Gun right by her oscillating fan. 'Wh-what? I don't smell anything...!' A lie. A annoying look started to form on Ren's face. He turned to notice a box that seemed clearly out of place. 'Th-th-those are just my grandma's wolverines from when she

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the Breakfast Gun and bolted for the door. It was locked. Pikea let out a electric chuckle. 'If only you hadn't been so protective of that thing, none of this would have happened, Ren,' she rebuked. Pikea always had been a little abrasive, so Ren knew that reconciliation was not an option; he needed to escape before Pikea did something crazy, like... start chucking live hand grenades at her or something. Heart filled with earnest fortitude, he gripped his Breakfast Gun tightly and made a dash toward the window, diving headlong through the glass panels.

Pikea looked on, blankly. 'What the hell? That seemed excessive. The other door was open, you know.' Silence from Ren. 'And to think, I varnished that window frame six days ago...it never ends!' Suddenly she felt a tinge of concern for Ren. 'Oh. You ..okay?' Still silence. Pikea walked over to the window and looked down. Ren was gone.

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Just yonder, Ren was struggling to make his way through the fanatic pumpkin patch behind Pikea's place. Ren had severely hurt his fingernail during the window incident, and was starting to lose strength. Another pack of feral Foxes suddenly appeared, having caught wind of the Breakfast Gun. One by one they latched on to Ren. Already weakened from his injury, Ren yielded to the furry onslaught and collapsed. The last thing he saw before losing consciousness was a buzzing horde of Foxes running off with his Breakfast Gun.

But then God came down with His smart smile and restored Ren's Breakfast Gun. Feeling stunned, God smote the Foxes for their injustice. Then He got in His spaceship and sputtered away with the fortitude of 11,000 spotted wolf hamsters running from a huge pack of albino cats. Ren stumbled with joy when he saw this. His Breakfast Gun was safe. It was a good thing, too, because in ten minutes his favorite TV show, Spanish Songs, was going to come on (followed immediately by 'When legless puppies meet Ebola'). Ren was contented. And so, everyone except Pikea and a few unborn fetus-toting Indonesian devil cats lived blissfully happy, forever after.

THE END

Chapter 2 by Amanda Palmer

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Apple Surprise

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11/23/15, Cake Street—What was supposed to be a routine apple-picking trip turned into something much more. Amanda and Sarafena went to Apple Pie's farm to pick apples. This was a funny sort of farm! To get to the orchard, they rode on a(n) bike driven by Foxy! Amanda and Sarafena went about picking their apples, and they filled two big bags with the most Red apples they had ever seen.

Suddenly, Mike happened to ride by on a(n) fox and offered to turn the apples into a delicious pie, right there in the orchard. Amanda and Sarafena didn't believe that this was possible, but they agreed. Mike told them to close their eyes, and before they knew it, the apples were steaming, hot apple pies. Amanda and Sarafena couldn't believe their eyes! They were so amazed, they ran home and called The Fox Extra . When Apple Pie was contacted about this matter, a reporter was informed that this “miracle” was “just a really dull practical joke”!

The End

### Chapter 3 by juni



Mora and Tom

Mora got out of her warm covers and took her cat Mochi off the bed stroking the dark black cat. She went into the bathroom to get dressed into her faded red dress. After she got dressed Mochi brushed against her legs as she went into the kitchen. Knowing the cat was hungry she opened some of the beef she got for \$2.00 from a kind merchant. Grabbing a bowl of granola, Mora sat down and quickly ate her delicious crunchy cereal.

Mora was glad that the Ceremony of The Dragons was going to begin tomorrow, but she didn't know what to bring. “I know!” she exclaimed with pure joy, “I'll bring you!” she picked up the curious cat. (you're suppose to bring something you love to the ceremony) Mora was satisfied that Mochi was going to be the item to bring to the ceremony. The cat was annoyed with Mora while she was holding her. Since she was finally thirteen she could go to the Ceremony.

Mora went to her school as fast as she could with Mochi in her arms. Mochi jumped out of her and took flight revealing a set of wings. Mora was astounded about Mochi's beautiful wings. The wings were blue with a little red on them. On their way to school Mora caught up with her best

friend Tom and showed him that Mochi could fly, he said cool, he was grinning weirdly, it made Mora uncomfortable. Mora asked Mochi to land so she could see his wings. They were a mix of gold and blue. After she saw his wings she turned into a flurry looking like a butterfly. Mora was shocked that Mochi had a yellowish color. Tom told Mora that she had a rainbow colored gem on her forehead.

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Tom was completely amazed about Mora, he thought that she looked beautiful in her form. He wanted to tell her that she had black ears and a black tail, but he didn't want to worry her anymore than she already was. "We can't to go to school here, we don't belong in this school" Mora started muttering rapidly. Tom told her "You're beautiful the way you are" she blushed and he continued talking "we could always go to a different school" Mora asked "What school?" "School for Orphans, in rolic code it says school for powerful children age 13 and up." Tom told her obviously excited for the upcoming events. Mora asked "How do you know for sure?" Tom replied "For some reason I can read it, it's in rolic code, That's weird" Mora muttered. She stroked Mochi as they walked forward.

They went inside the weird shaped building. Mora gasped when she saw the murals on the walls. The on the left wall was a girl-maybe-15- that had her hand on a black dragon, her eyes were pure black. On the right wall was a picture of another girl of the same age in a different mural, she had her hand on a white dragon, her eyes were the brightest shade of blue Mora had ever seen. She was surprised that the mural had a picture of her putting her hand on a Dragon! She had always believed in dragons, but she couldn't imagine her own hand on one! "So the stories are true" Mochi mumbled. "What?!!" Mora shrieked grabbing the cat almost choking her. "I think someone found where a dragons nest may be" Mochi gasped. "cool!" Mora said dropping Mochi and heading for the door. "What about the Dragon Ceremony?" Tom told her trying to fly in front of her, but she was out the door.

Crap, Tom thought as he flew into the sky trying to find out where Mora went. "Feuw" Tom gasped collecting his breath. "Mora!" Tom yelled at the top of his lungs "Come back!" "ok" Mora replied, flying Tom's way. "I think we should forget about everything and go to bed" Tom told Mora once she got back. "Fine she replied, we'll do it another day."

The End

**Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8** (1 draft)

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